Not with Haste

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Not with Haste

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Summary

Will's promised to sculpt *all* of Hannibal for his next project, but the two of them can't keep their hands to themselves.

Notes

There will be more to this series going forward and backward in the timeline to come! Just throwing this nice little one shot at you guys for now. Like what you see? Keep up with us on tumblr and help promote our stuff with us! Tumblr!

"Your eyes they tie me down so hard
I'll never learn to put up a guard
So keep my love, my candle bright
Learn me hard, oh learn me right" -- Mumford and Sons, *Not with Haste*

Winter provided them a lot of rain, enough to slop of mud from mountain side and hills, to uproot trees, and give way to soil beneath of the top layers, deep and dark down below. During a particular storm, in their new house, Will woke to rumble of thunder that reverberated through his chest, stirring him from his nightmare fueled dreams. He swallowed, reaching out to touch one of the dogs, and then Hannibal, enough to know he was still next to him. He stumbled out of bed, still growing used to his surroundings, having only lived there a few weeks now, returning from their honeymoon only days prior.

Winston was at his feet immediately, and Will bent to pet him, making his way down the steps to their kitchen. He tripped a few times, but Winston was there, guiding him back on

track. “Good boy,” Will whispered, and found a glass, the kitchen one of a few spots he knew by heart now.

Filling it with water, he listening to the downpour of rain, beating like a face paced drum against the sides of the house. Worry etched into his ribs for the second night in a row, the news saying that many things were being uprooted with these storms.

Will worried about Budge and Matthew.

It was the absence of warmth that caused Hannibal to rouse from his rest, though he was, by most accounts a light sleeper. He got up and put on his robe, then his house slippers, sleepily walking downstairs to look for his husband.

"Will?" the Doctor called out, above the thunder and rain, so that he wouldn't surprise his beloved needlessly. "More nightmares, Mylimasis?"

“Always nightmares,” Will said, taking a swallow of the water, letting it coat his throat and relieve the parched feeling of gravel.

Hannibal wet his lips, walking over to procure a glass of water as well, taking a small sip. "You're wrought with worry, are you likewise, riddled with regret? I can help you, Will."

“I’m worried,” Will admitted, free hand shooting out to pat where he felt and heard Hannibal near. “It’s not been exactly long since we buried them.”

"No, it hasn't," Hannibal agreed, setting his water down and wrapping his arms around Will to offer comfort. "But we did put the lye atop their corpses, there is likely nothing left of them now."

‘You’re sure?” Will asked, setting his glass down next to him on the counter, arms around Hannibal’s shoulders as he rested their faces close together. He could feel the steady rhythm of Hannibal’s heart like this, thrumming away at a constant, relieving pace.

"Not one hundred percent, no, not without going to see for myself," Hannibal answered, honestly. He kissed Will's mouth, once and nuzzled him. He was most certain the bodies had been eaten away by now, but he hated seeing his spouse in such a state. "Would you it make you feel better if I go and check?"

“Won’t that cause more suspicion?” Will was unreasonable, and he knew that, but his anxiety and panic was starting to take over.

“If someone were to see, of course, but they won’t,” Hannibal stated with confidence, his tone soothing and honeyed. He rubbed Will’s back, pressing firm circles in the muscles there. “The stretch of earth in which they lie is one that is hardly visited, Mylimasis.”

“Okay.” Will hummed, pressing his nose in against Hannibal’s neck, breathing in his familiar scent to calm his wracked nerves. “I trust you.”

"Good," Hannibal purred, carding through Will's soft curls, pressing his body against his to add stability. "I will not let anything befall or separate us, if it is within my power, William.

We are conjoined, indefinitely."

“I know. We’re… one,” Will whispered. Only Hannibal could render him docile like this, though not with merit and time, as Will used to fight back at every corner Hannibal tried to round with him.

"That we are, both in vow and in heart," Hannibal smiled, stroking Will's cheek and trailing around the curve of his ear. No one could take his husband's place, not now not ever. "Shall I start some coffee or would you like to try to get a bit more sleep before we begin the day?"

“What time is it?” Will asked, disorientated, having grown used to Hannibal’s inner clock, thankfully, he wasn’t up all hours of the night anymore.

"Half passed four," Hannibal answered, still dark outside but he wasn't opposed to early starts. It was a bit earlier than he'd wake but Will's comfort was of more importance.

“No point going back to bed now,” Will murmured, kissing the side of Hannibal’s neck as the rain pummeled down against the kitchen window.

"No, I'd suppose not," Hannibal chuckled quietly with a hum. "Why don't you get ready then, I'll prepare breakfast and coffee. It should be done by the time you return, hm?"

“Okay,” Will said, pecking Hannibal’s cheek, aware he was still in just his boxers. He padded across the kitchen, Winston at his feet, guiding him as he counted steps.

Hannibal grinned, and then set about making the coffee. As it percolated, he pulled out the ingredients for breakfast.

Some time later, Eggs Florentine and coffee was made and on the table as the sun started to rise above the horizon. He walked to the foot of the stairs and called out, "William, it is ready whenever you are."

Will came back down just a moment after, dressed for the day, in jeans and flannel, as usual. He took the cautious steps to the kitchen, hearing Hannibal moving about still, and touched his arm, and then made his way to the table.

“Smells wonderful.”

"Thank you," Hannibal smiled, the food on the table save for the silverware, which he was getting in the kitchen. Once it was on the table, he leaned over and kissed the corner of Will's mouth. It was amazing how beautiful he looked, even in the hideous flannel. "The food is on the table, William, along with your coffee."

“Thanks,” Will said, touching the table, feeling out the plate and silverware, and then his coffee. Aware of where everything was now, he picked up his fork and cut into the eggs. He hummed around a bite, hungrier than he thought.

"You're welcome," Hannibal stated, still in his robe. He sat down and picked up his fork, taking a bite right after Will did. It was nice, even after marrying and being together a while,

to share meals with his husband; there was no better company. "I do enjoy Eggs Florentine. A favorite."

“Everything you make is good,” Will said through a bite, and then chewed the rest. He enjoyed their cozy mornings, with the dogs at their feet, and their day ahead of them. It was routine now, and Will thrived on it.

As did Hannibal, like he did every moment with him. "Thank you, Will, I'm glad you think so," he responded, after swallowing another bite and sipping his coffee that had cooled. "Do you have any clients coming today?"

“Not today,” Will said, having given up his studio downtown, he now saw them at home in the garage. He reached for his coffee to take a small sip.

"And I am likewise free," Hannibal hummed, taking another careful bite as Winston nosed in the air to smell their food. "How would you like to spend our time together? I do believe another sculpture was mentioned, was it not?"

“Of you? Yes it was,” Will grinned, “that could be fun.”

"Yes, quite," Hannibal grinned, around his fork as he took the last bite of his breakfast. Once he swallowed, he gingerly wiped his mouth and raised a brow at his beloved. "And you did promise to do a sculpture of all me, to join the one of yourself."

“Yes, that’s what I’m talking about,” Will said with a shake of his head. “I’ll go get everything ready, you need to wear almost nothing.” He smirked.

"Excellent, thank you and of course, I have no problem wearing nothing," Hannibal grinned, his sharp teeth peeking below his upper lip. "Will you be able to behave yourself, hm?"

“The last time we sculpted together, you tried to contain yourself from being naughty,” Will said. He finished his eggs and then pushed the plate forward. “We weren’t even together then.”

Hannibal chuckled at that, stacking the plates after he finished his coffee. "Yes, that I did. I would encourage you not to contain yourself," he grinned, watching Will's stunning face. "I'll clean up, while you ready the work area."

“Alright,” Will said with a little smile, and stood, touching Winston at his feet, to started to walk with him. “To the garage,” he told the dog, and off they went.

Hannibal smiled and then went to tidy up. He took the plates and put them in the dishwasher and put the pans to soak before cleaning the table. Once everything was done to his liking, he walked out to the garage to see if Will was ready; the doctor was nude under his robe. "Is everything in order, William?"

Will had stripped down to his tank and jeans, barefoot, with everything set to go, his clay wet and ready. “Yes, c’mere.”

The doctor did so love the way Will's drawl came out now and again; he curled his lips into a mischievous snarl and took off his robe, laying it over a clean area. "I would never refuse such an invitation," he crooned, and walked over to Will, touching his bicep. "I'm all yours."

Touching Hannibal's hip, Will smiled up at him where he sat. "I'll start with the midsection down, bust last, since we know how that looks already," he answered with a playful smirk.

"Of course," Hannibal grinned and leaned down to kiss Will once. How could he not, with such a delicious looking smirk on his husband's face. He stayed put and tried to insure he didn't grow aroused, which was difficult even with his control. "I look forward to seeing the results."

"It will take some time, you know," Will said, preemptively touching Hannibal's hips and then his groin, getting a good feel for his husband flaccid. Then, Will picked up his clay, and stuck it to the model he had set up, starting to shape a little.

"Certainly," Hannibal nodded with understanding, biting his lip when he felt Will's hand on him. He stilled his mind, keeping control over his cock so that he wouldn't get hard and mess up his spouse's work. "I enjoy watching you work, William. You are truly a master at your craft."

"How is that? I don't know what it's like to watch anyone." Will said with a smirk as he worked the dips of Hannibal's hips into the mold, mounding up for his groin, testicles and penis, starting to form.

Hannibal playfully clucked his tongue against the roof of his mouth at his witty boy and shook his head. "No, you do not watch with your eyes but rather feel," he said, reaching out to thread through Will's curls, making sure he didn't distract him too much. "Watching you is akin to a religious experience. I imagine it is much like how God formed the earth--at least how it's written that he did. According the good book, we all come from clay, and here you are forming a sort of life from that very thing. It's beautiful."

"Are you relating me to God now?" Will asked, leaning his head slightly into Hannibal's hand, able to work and not get distracted the way those with sight might.

"You are my God, yes," Hannibal said, unabashedly, thumbing over Will's scalp. "You're entirely perfect, unique and exquisite...I knew we were fated, destined to be together from the very start."

Will licked his lips as he started to form Hannibal's testicles, moving his hands to them once more on his body, feeling them out, the weight and girth of them. "You had quite a job cut out for you."

"And if I had it to do over, I would fight for you all the same," Hannibal offered, grunting quietly as Will touched him again. His cock twitched, bobbing against his partner's skilled hand. "Apologies, you are entirely too tempting to resist, Mylimasis."

Will smiled to himself, forming Hannibal's balls, and then touched him again to get a good imprint of his cock, once more. "Any harder and I won't be able to do much more here…"

"Yes, well, we wouldn't want that," Hannibal hummed, willing himself to think of things that would assist in the softening of his cock. He was successful, and it started to go flaccid again. With mirth in his tone, he licked his lips and cleared his throat. "I would say that this is more of a task than what we were speaking of previously."

Will chuckled, hands on his clay as he leaned in a little and kissed Hannibal's hip gently, taking in his musky scent with a sigh. "It might be. Poor you."

"Yes, pure and utter torture," Hannibal laughed back, tightening his grip in Will's curls briefly as he was kissed and scented. "However, I'm not opposed to a bit of that, especially not when such stunning work will be borne of the sacrifice."

Groaning at the grip, Will gasped a little, his head tilted back, gaze never landing on Hannibal's, though he looked up and past him. "You're a distraction."

"A pleasant one, I hope?" Hannibal asked, mischievously, releasing his hold. He narrowed his eyes, lustfully gazing down at Will. "I will behave myself until you finish, Will, you needn't worry."

"I will have to cuff your hands behind you," Will warned, but not with mirth across his face. He went back to sculpting a little more, and then ran his hand sup Hannibal's crotch to his stomach.

Hannibal quirked a brow that Will wouldn't see at the notion, canting his head. "An idea for later, perhaps," he said, not bothered in the least. Only one person could do or say such a thing, and that was his beloved. "Nonetheless, I shall comport myself as a chaste gentleman, for the time being. You have my word."

"Let me finish molding your cock and balls, and then we'll decide on who gets to top," Will teased, a wild grin in place.

"I agree to your terms," Hannibal responded, with a smile and seductive lilt to his tone. He was fortunate to have such a husband, he mused. "Though, words such as those, are ones I never in my life imagined hearing before such a proposition. Quite intriguing, as well as pleasing."

Will's head tilted to the side a bit as he worked, a smirk on his face. "At this rate it'll be triple the time to finish as my own."

Hannibal let out a sharp yet quiet laugh at that, his eyes glimmering with love as he watched Will shape and mold; he did so love the spirit of his husband. "Then I am in your hands, both literally and figuratively, hm? You will choose how this session goes, Mylimasis."

Will hummed, pleased, and kissed Hannibal's stomach once. "Will I?"

"Indeed you will," Hannibal smiled, tracing the curve of Will's scalp as he slid his finger tips through his hair and to the nape of his husband's neck before letting go. The kiss to his belly, while brief had sent sparks of electricity through his skin, making his heart rate pick up in tempo. "The power and control is yours alone."

“You might be long suffering if you leave it to me,” Will said, moving to mold Hannibal’s stomach into the sculpture, one hand touching belly to get a good feel.

“I can be a patient man,” Hannibal assured, though he wanted to pick him up then and there, begin fucking him --or being fucked by him-- over the nearest flat surface.

Will smirked, able to sense the need in Hannibal’s tone as he rubbed smooth curves into the sculptor for Hannibal’s stomach. “You are, so long as I don’t keep you waiting and wanting forever.”

“Ah but you do know me, William,” Hannibal grinned running his tongue over his full lips as he let his gaze rove over Will’s form. “I could watch your hands work in such a way for hours.”

“I think it’s one reason you were so enraptured with me to start with,” Will chuckled, a smile brightening his features as he worked diligently.

"One of many reasons," Hannibal complimented, watching each shift and nuance of Will's face. "You perceive beauty and bring it to life, as I mention a moment ago. Nonetheless I find myself more enamored with each passing day."

Will shook his head and picked up a tool for putting detail into the clay, and started to mold and illustrate the best he could, touching Hannibal’s balls again, rolling them for good measure, as he took in each and every fine line and hair. “I should be so grateful.”

"We're both fortunate," Hannibal grinned, his eyes closing for a moment when Will touched his balls again. "One might think you're enjoying torturing me in such a way, William."

“I have to get every fine detail, stay still,” Will scolded playfully, squeezing Hannibal’s testicles in one palm.

"I would hate to interfere with your diligent work," Hannibal remarked with a smile, letting out the smallest hint of a groan at that. "I realize they are quite phenomenal and unique."

Will burst into laughter at that, smiling brightly as he squeezed at little harder for that. “You are full of yourself, Doctor.”

"Perhaps, but would you have me any other way?" Hannibal chuckled, enjoying their little teasing together. It was comfortable and yet his husband could always delight and surprise him. At the harder squeeze, he sucked in an audible breath, exhaling with a deep, seductive growl. "William....you are being quite naughty."

“I know,” Will answered, etching more into the clay, working quick for someone with his impairment. He wanted to get this bit done, so he could enjoy Hannibal thoroughly. He squeezing his fist up Hannibal’s shaft.

Hannibal couldn't suppress the moan then, his cock starting to throb. He gripped Will's shoulder, more for balance and bit his lower lip. "If you do not wish to make me erect, you're

doing a poor job at that, Mylimasis," he rasped, his eyes blown and glistening. "A simple helpful suggestion."

“You can be as hard as you want to be right now, I’m doing details not girth,” Will explained with a coy, wispy smile.

"Is that so?" Hannibal replied, his tone sultry and deep as he let himself go. His cock went to full hardness in a matter of seconds and he licked his lips, watching Will's hand feel him out before flitting to that smile.

“Yes.” Will licked his lips, eyes ever unfocused on nothing, but it was clear to see the wheels turning in his mind, to things he loved to do.

Hannibal slipped his fingers back through Will's tendrils, gripping a bit tight once more and pushed his hips forward to fuck into the hand wrapped around him. "You are pushing me over the edge of my resolve, William..."

“Good,” Will said, putting down his instrument and set aside his work for now, attention on Hannibal alone.

"Cunning boy," Hannibal murmured, and leaned down to take Will's mouth, licking inside and tasting his sweetness. Nothing on earth had such an exquisite and delicious flavor like his beloved.

Will hummed, pulling Hannibal in over his lap by the hips, and kissed up into his mouth, entirely delectable. “Hannibal…”

"William..." Hannibal whispered, moving atop his lap so the heat of his groin created friction against Will's clothed cock. "I believe we mentioned a debate in who gets to be on top, did we not?"

“We did,” Will murmured, biting Hannibal’s lip, drawing blood. “You should strip me down and ride me.”

"A very titillating idea," Hannibal murmured in response and moved back enough to remove Will's tank top. He then lifted his husband's hips, after getting off his lap and tugged his jeans down, until at last the younger man was fully nude where he sat. The Doctor went to fold the clothing over his robe and he plucked a bottle of lube from the drawer near by, slathering his hole right away. Once done, he lined his beloved's cock head up with his hot velvety passage and sat down, swallowing him inch by inch with a low growling groan. "Mm, a most excellent idea indeed..."

Will groaned, touching Hannibal’s hips as he rode down on him, his head lolled back as he relaxed into the motion, feet planted to push leveraged thrusts up into Hannibal’s hot body. “Perfect-”

"Yes," Hannibal hissed, enjoying the temporary burn he received from the lack of preparation. He started to move a bit faster, gripping Will's shoulders as he leaned forward to lick up the long column of his exposed throat.

“Do that again,” Will groaned, skin pricked with a sheen of sweat and gooseflesh.

Hannibal compiled, and licked up his neck again, . He went back down, this time letting his sharp teeth scrape and tease the pebbled flesh, sucking on his adam's apple as he ground down on his husband's cock. "Such a feast should be savored and slowly..."

“Yes-” Will groaned, thrusting up harder into Hannibal, his eyes closed even if it hardly mattered, it helped him feel more when he was making love to his husband.

True to his word, Hannibal wasn't finished and he bit over to the side of Will's neck, sinking his teeth in sharply. As the skin popped, beads of crimson covered his tongue and he moaned, bucking faster as wet squelching noises echoed in the room around them. "Will-"

“Oh,” Will moaned, squirming under Hannibal a little as he was marred up, but not minding in the least. He grasped the back of Hannibal’s head, holding him there. “Mark me…” He wouldn’t see it, but he’d feel it.

Hannibal growled at that and bite down harder, clamping into the muscle as blood pouring into his mouth. He swallowed it down, musing how it was spiritual and ripe with love. It was enough to send heat straight to his cock, his orgasm promising to spill as his prostate tapped perfectly with each precise thrust. "Mine...all mine, Will-"

Will held tighter, bucking into Hannibal faster as the pain ebbed into pleasure, like snow melting into a stream, spreading out larger and larger. The heat pooled, and he started to come, bursting through his cock and into Hannibal.

The rush of hot milky seed filled him and was exactly what he needed to find his own release as he laved over the wound he'd made. Hannibal jerked his hips, kissing the blood into his husband's mouth as he came, painting up between them as his hole twitched and gripped Will's shaft. "Ah, William, yes-"

Will ran his hand through the fluid as he fucked Hannibal and himself to completion, feet firm on the floor of the garage. He panted, licking his lips. “Best way to start the morning…”

"I must concur," Hannibal smiled, with a huff as he caught his breath and sucked Will's tongue into his mouth to share the flavor of blood and come. He slowed to a stop, skin slick and muscles bulging. "Perfect any time of the day..."

“Agreed,” Will whispered, against Hannibal’s mouth, long since forgetting about the storms outside and the news of top soil washing away.

"I love you, William, always," Hannibal whispered back, come dribbling out of his hole as he kissed him slower, softer and with more love than he'd thought he'd be capable of possessing. It was all due to the man he was sitting atop, the beautiful, striking and witty young sculptor--his Will.

“And I love you, with all my heart, Hannibal,” Will whispered, palming down his chest once.

"That is the rarest and most precious of gifts, Mylimasis," Hannibal murmured, and kissed Will once more, placing his hand atop his own, over his heart. "I could ask for nothing more."

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